

THE
DESTRUCTION
O F
T R O Y,
A N
ESSAY
UPON THE
SECOND BOOK
O F
VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

Written in the year, 1636.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, at his shop at the sign of
the Princes Arms in *S. Pauls Church-yard*,

1656.



THE PREFACE.

Here are so few Translations which deserve praise, that I scarce ever saw any which deserv'd pardon; those who travel in that kinde, being for the most part so unhappy, as to rob others, without enriching themselves, pulling down the fame of good Authors, without raising their own: Neither hath any Author been more hardly dealt withal

The Preface.

withal then this our Master ; and the reason is evident, for, what is most excellent, is most inimitable ; And if even the worst Authors are yet made worse by their Translators, how impossible is it not to do great injury to the best ? And therefore I have not the vanity to think my Copy equal to the Original, nor (consequently) my self altogether guiltless of what I accuse others ; but if I can do *Virgil* less injury than others have done, it will be, in some degree to do him right ; and indeed, the hope of doing him more right, is the onely scope of this Essay, by opening this new way of translating this Author, to those whom youth, leisure, and better fortune makes fitter for such undertakings.

I conceive it a vulgar error in translating Poets, to affect being *Fidus Interpres* ; let that care be with them who deal in matters of Fact, or matters of Faith: but whosoever aims at it in Poetry, as he attempts what is not required, so he shall never perform what he attempts ; for it is not his business alone to translate

The Preface.

translate Language into Language, but Poesie into Poesie ; and Poesie is of so subtle a spirit, that in pouring out of one Language into another, it will all evaporate ; and if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *Caput mortuum*, there being certain Graces and Happinesses peculiar to every Language, which gives life and energy to the words ; and who-soever offers at Verbal Translation, shall have the misfortune of that young Traveller, who lost his own language abroad, and brought home no other instead of it ; for the grace of the Latine will be lost by being turned into English words; and the grace of the English, by being turned into the Latine Phrase. And as speech is the apparel of our thoughts, so are there certain Garbs & Modes of speaking, w^{ch} vary with the times; the fashion of our clothes being not more subject to alteration, than that of ourspeech: and this I think *lacitus* means, by that w^{ch} he calls *Sermonem temporis istius anribus accommodatum*; the delight of change being as due to the curiosity of the ear, as of the eye ; and therefore if *Virgil* must

The Preface.

must needs speak English, it were fit he should speak not onely as a man of this Nation, but as a man of this age; and if this dis-
guise I have put upon him (I wish I could give it a better name) sit not naturally and easily on so grave a person, yet it may be-
come him better then that Fools-Coat where-
in the French and Italian have of late pre-
sented him; at least, I hope, it will not make
him appear deformed, by making any part
enormously bigger or less then the life, (I
having made it my principal care to follow
him, as he made it his to follow Nature in all
his proportions) Neither have I any where
offered such violence to his sense, as to make
it seem mine, and not his. Where my ex-
pressions are not so full as his, either our lan-
guage, or my Art were defective (but I ra-
ther suspect my self;) but where mine are ful-
ler then his, they are but the impressions
which the often reading of him, hath left up-
on my thoughts; so that if they are not his own
conceptions, they are at least the results of
them; and if (being conscious of making
him speak worse then he did almost in every
line

The Preface.

line) I erre in endeavoring sometimes to make him speak better; I hope it will be judged an error on the right hand, and such an one as may deserve pardon, if not imitation.

Argument.



ARGUMENT.

The first Book speaking of Æneas his voyage by Sea, and how being cast by tempest upon the coast of Carthage, he was received by Queen Dido, who after the Feast, desires him to make the relation of the destruction of Troy, which is the Argument of this Book.

THE

THE
DESTRUCTION
OF
T R O Y,

An Essay on the second BOOK
of *Virgil's Aeneis.*

 Hile all with silence and attention wait,
W Thus speaks *Aeneas* from the bed of State.

Madam, when you command us to review
Our Fate, you make our old wounds bleed anew,
And all those sorrows to my fense restore,
Whereof none saw so much, none suffer'd more,
Not the most cruel of Our conqu'ering Foes
So unconcern'dly can relate our woes,
As not to lend a tear, Then how can I
Repres the horror of my thoughts, which slie

B

The

The sad remembrance. Now th' expiring night
 And the declining Stars to rest invite ;
 Yet since 'tis your command, what you, so well
 Are pleas'd to hear, I cannot grieve to tell.

By Fate repell'd, and with repulses tyr'd
 The *Greeks*, so many Lives and years expir'd,
 A Fabrick like a moving Mountain frame,
 Pretending vows for their return ; This, Fame
 Divulges, then within the beasts vast womb
 The choice and flower of all their Troops intomb,
 In view the Isle of *Tenedos*, once high
 In fame and wealth, while *Troy* remain'd, doth lie,
 (Now but an unsecure and open Bay)
 Thither by stealth the *Greeks* their Fleet convey,
 We gave them gone, and to *Mycene* sail'd,
 And *Troy* reviv'd, her mourning face unavild ;
 All through th' unguarded Gates with joy resort
 To see the slighted Camp, the vacant Port,
 Here lay *Ulysses*, there *Achilles*, here
 The Battels joyn'd, the Grecian Fleet rode there ; But

But the vast Pile th'amazed vulgar views
 Till they their Reason in their wonder lose,
 And first *Tymete* moves, (urg'd by the Power
 Of Fate, or Fraud) to place it in the Tower,
 But *Capis* and the graver sort thought fit,
 The Greeks suspected Present to commit
 To Seas or Flames, at least to search and bore
 The sides, and what that space contains to explore ;
 Th'uncertain Multitude with both engag'd;
 Divided stands, till from the Tower, enrag'd,
Laocon ran, whom all the crowd attends,
 Crying, what desperate Frenzy's this ? (oh Friends)
 To think them gone ? Judge rather their retreat
 But a design, their gifts but a deceit,
 For our Destrction 'twas contriv'd no doubt,
 Or from within by fraud, or from without
 By force ; yet know ye not *Ulysses* shifts ?
 Their swords less danger carry then their gifts.
 (This said) against the Horses side, his spear
 He throws, which trembles with inclosed fear,

Whilst from the hollows of his womb proceed
 Groans, not his own ; And had not Fate decreed
 Our Ruine, We had fill'd with *Grecian* blood
 The Place, Then *Troy* and *Priam's* Throne had stood ;
 Mean while a fetter'd pris'ner to the King
 With joyful shouts the *Dardan* Shepherds bring,
 Who to betray us did himself betray,
 At once the Taker, and at once the Frey,
 Firmly prepar'd, of one Event secur'd,
 Or of his Death or his Design assur'd.
 The *Trojan* Youth about the Captive flock,
 To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.
 Now hear the *Grecian* fraud, and from this one
 Conjecture all the rest.
 Disarm'd, disorder'd, casting round his eyes
 On all the Troops that guarded him, he cryes,
 What Land, what Sea, for me what Fate attends ?
 Caught by my Foes, condemned by my Friends,
 Incensed *Troy* a wretched Captive seeks
 To sacrifice, a Fugitive, the Greeks,

To

To Pitty, This Complaince our former Rage,
 Converts, we now enquire his Parentage,
 What of their Councils, or affairs he knew,
 Then fearles', he replies, Great King to you
 All truth I shall relate: Nor first can I
 My self to be of *Grecian* Birth deny,
 And though my outward state, misfortune hath
 Deprest thus low, it cannot reach my Faith.
 You may by chance have heard the famous name
 Of *Palimede*, who from old *Belus* came,
 Whom, but for voting Peace, The Greeks pursue,
 Accus'd unjustly, then unjustly slew,
 Yet mourn'd his death. My Father was his friend,
 And Me to his commands did recommend,
 While Laws and Councils did his Throne support,
 I but a youth, yet some Esteem and Port
 We then did bear, till by *Ulysses* craft
 (Things known I speak) he was of life bereft,
 Since in dark sorrow I my days did spend,
 Till now disdaining his unworthy end

I could not silence my Complaints, but vow'd
 Revenge, if ever fate or chance allow'd
 My wisht return to *Greece*; From hence his hate,
 From thence my crimes, and all my ills bear date,
 Old guilt fresh malice gives; The peoples ears
 He fills with rumors, and their hearts with fears,
 And then the Prophet to his party drew.
 But why do I these thankless truths pursue?
 Or why defer your Rage? on me, for all
 The *Greeks*, let your revenging fury fall.
Ulysses this, th' *Atrida* this desire
 At any rate. We streight are set on fire
 (Unpractis'd in such Mysteries) to enquire
 The manner and the cause, Which thus he told
 With gestures humble, as his Tale was bold.
 Oft have the Greeks (the siege detesting) tyr'd
 With tedious war, a stoln retreat desir'd,
 And would to heaven they'd gone: But still dismay'd
 By Seas or Skies, unwillingly they stayd,
 Chiefly when this stupendious Pile was rais'd
 Strange noises fill'd the Air, we all amaz'd

Dif-

Dispatch *Euryalus* to enquire our Fates
 Who thus the sentence of the Gods relates,
 A Virgins slaughter did the storm appease
 When first towards *Troy* the *Grecians* took the Seas,
 Their safe retreat another *Grecians* blood
 Must purchase; All, at this confounded stood.
 Each thinks himself the Man, the fear on all
 Of what, the mischief, but on one can fall:
 Then *Chalcas* (by *Ulysses* first inspir'd)
 Was urg'd to name whom th' angry Gods requir'd,
 Yet was I warn'd (for many were as well
 Inspir'd as he) and did my fate foretel.
 Ten days the Prophet in suspence remain'd,
 Would no mans fate pronounce; at last constrain'd
 By *Ithacus*, he solemnly design'd
 Me for the Sacrifice; the people joyn'd
 In glad consent, and all their common fear
 Determine in my fate, the day drew neer;
 The sacred Rites prepar'd, my Temples crown'd
 With holy wreaths, Then I confess I found

The

The means to my escape, my bonds I brake,
 Fled from my Guards, and in a muddy Lake
 Amongst the Sedges all the night lay hid,
 Till they their Sails had hoist (if so they did)
 And now alas no hope remains for me
 My home, my father and my sons to see,
 Whom, They enrag'd will kill for my Offence,
 And punish for my guilt their Innocence.
 Those Gods who know the Truths I now relate,
 That faith which yet remains inviolate
 By mortal Men, By these I beg, redress
 My causless wrongs, and pity such distress.
 And now true Pitty in exchange he finds
 For his false Tears, his Tongue, his hands unbinds.
 Then spake the King, be Ours who ere thou art,
 Forget the Greeks. But first the truth impart.
 Why did they raise, or to what use intend
 This Pile? to'a Warlike, or Religious end?
 Skilfull in fraud, (his native Art) his hands
 Towards heaven he rais'd, deliver'd now from bands.

Ye

Ye pure Æthereal flames, ye Powers ador'd
 By mortal men, ye Altars, and the sword
 I escap'd; ye sacred Fillers that involv'd
 My destin'd head, grant I may stand absolv'd
 From all their Laws and Rites, renounce all name
 Of faith or love, their secret thoughts proclaim;
 Only O *Troy*, preserve thy faith to me,
 If what I shall relate preserveth thee.
 From *Pallas* favour, all our hopes, and all
 Counsels, and Actions took Original,
 Till *Diomed* (for such attempts made fit
 By dire conjunction with *Ulysses* wit)
 Assails the sacred Tower, the Guards they slay,
 Defile with bloody hands, and thence convey
 The fatal Image; straight with our success
 Our hopes fell back, whilst prodigies express
 Her just disdain, her flaming eyes did throw
 Flashes of lightning, from each part did flow
 A briny sweat, thrice brandishing her spear,
 Her Statue from the ground it self did rear;

C

Then,

Then, that we should our Sacriledge restore
 And reconveigh their gods from *Argos* shore,
Chalcas perswades, till then we urge in vain
 The fate of *Troy*. To measure back the Main
 They all consent, but to return agen,
 When re inforc'd with aids of Gods and men.
 Thus *Chalcas*, then instead of that, this Pile
 To *Pallas* was design'd, to reconcile
 Th' offended Power, and expiate our guilt,
 To this vast height and monstrous stature built,
 Least through your gates receiv'd, it might renew
 Your vows to her, and her Defence to you.
 But if this sacred gift you disesteem,
 Then cruel Plagues (which heaven divert on them)
 Shall fall on *Priams* State: But if the horse
 Your walls ascend, assisted by your force,
 A League 'gainst *Greece* all *Asia* shall contract;
 Our Sons then suffering what their Sires would act.
 Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'recome,
 A feined tear destroys us, against whom

Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
 Nor ten years conflict, nor a thousand fail.
 This seconded by a most sad Portent
 Which credit to the first imposture lent ;
 Laocoön, Neptunes Priest, upon the day
 Devoted to that God, a Bull did slay,
 When two prodigious Serpents were desctide,
 Whose circling stroaks the Seas smooth face divide,
 Above the deep they raise their scaly Crests,
 And stemme the flood with their erected breasts,
 Their winding tails advance and steer their course,
 And 'gainst the shore the breaking Billow force.
 Now landing, from their brandisht tongues there came
 A dreadful hiss, and from their eyes a flame:
 Amaz'd we flie, directly in a line
 Laocoön they pursue, and first intwine
 (Each preying upon one) his tender sons,
 Then him, who arm'd to their rescue runs,
 They seiz'd, and with intangling folds imbrac'd
 His neck twice compassing, and twice his waft,

Their poy's'nous knots he strives to break; and tear,
 Whilst slime and blood his sacred wreaths besmear,
 Then loudly roars, as when th'enraged Bull
 From th'Altar flies, and from his wounded skull
 Shakes the huge Ax; the conqu'ring serpents flie
 To cruel *Pallas* Altar, and there lie
 Under her feet, within her shields extent ;
 We in our fears conclude this fate was sent
 Justly on him, who strook the Sacred Oak
 With his accursed Lance. Then to invoke
 The Goddess, and let in the fatal horse
 We all consent :
 A spacious breach we make, and *Troy*s proud wall
 Built by the gods, by our own hands doth fall;
 Thus, all their help to their own ruin give,
 Some draw with cords, and some the Monster drive
 With Rolls and Leavers, thus our works it climbs,
 Big with our fate, the youth with Songs and Rhimes,
 Some dance, some hale the Rope ; at last let down
 It enters with a thundering noise the Town.

Oh

Oh Troy the seat of gods, in war renown'd ;
 Three times it stuck, as oft the clashing sound
 Of Arms was heard, yet blinded by the Power
 Of Fate, we place it in the sacred Tower.
Cassandra then foretels th'event, but she
 Finds no belief (such was the Gods decree.)
 The Altars with fresh flowers we crown, and wast
 In Feasts, that day, which was (alas) our last.
 Now by the revolution of the Skies,
 Nights sable shadows from the Ocean rise,
 Which heaven and earth, and the Greek frauds involv'd,
 The City in secure repose dissolv'd,
 When from the Admirals high Poop appears
 A light, by which the Argive Squadron Steers
 Their silent course to Iliums well known shore,
 When Synon (fav'd by the Gods partial power)
 Opens the horse, and through the unlockt doors
 To the free Ayr the armed fraught restores :
Ulysses, Stenelus, Tysander slide
 Down by a Rope, *Machaon* was their guide ;

Strides, Pyrrhus, Thoas, Athamas,
 And *Epeus* who the frauds contriver was,
 The Gates they seize, the Guards with sleep and wine
 Opprest, surprize, and then their forces joyn.
 'Twas then, when the first sweets of sleep repair
 Our bodies spent with toil, our minds with care
 (The Gods best gift) When bath'd in tears and blood
 Before my face lamenting *Hector* stood,
 Such his aspect when soyld with bloody dust
 Dragg'd by the cords which through his feet were thrust
 By his insulting Foe; O how transform'd!
 How much unlike that *Hector*, who return'd
 Clad in *Achilles* spoyls; when he, among
 A thousand ships (like *Fove*) his Lightning flung;
 His horrid Beard and knotted Tresses stood
 Stiff with his gore, and all his wounds ran blood,
 Intranc'd I lay, then (weeping) said, The Joy,
 The hope and stay of thy declining *Troy*;
 What Region held thee, whence, so much desir'd,
 Art thou restor'd to us consum'd and tyr'd
 With

With toyls and deaths ; but what sad cause confounds
 Thy once fair looks, or why appear those wounds ?
 Regardless of my words , he no reply
 Returns, but with a dreadfull groan doth cry,
 Fly from the Flame, O Goddess born, our walls
 The Greeks possess, and *Troy* confounded falls
 From all her glories; if it might have stood
 By any Power, by this right hand it should.
 What Man could do , by me for *Troy* was don,
 Take here her Reliques and her Gods, to run
 With them thy fate, with them new Walls expect,
 Which, tost on Seas, thou shalt at last erect;
 Then brings old *Vespa* from her sacred Quire,
 Her holy Wreaths, and her eternall Fire.
 Mean while the Walls with doubtfull cries resound
 From far (for shady coverts did surround
 My Fathers house) approaching still more near
 The clash of Armes, and voice of Men we hear :
 Rowz'd from my Bed, I speedily ascend
 The house's top, and listning there attend,

As.

As flames rowl'd by the winds conspiring force,
 Ore full-eard Corn, or Torrents raging course
 Bears down th'opposing Oaks; the fields destroys
 And mocks the Plough-mans toil, th'unlookt for noise
 From neighb'ring hills, th'amazed Shepherd bears ;
 Such my surprise, and such their rage appears.
 First fell thy house *Ucagon*, then thine
Deiphobus, *Sigean* Seas did shine
 Bright with *Troys* flames, the Trumpets dreadful sound,
 The louder groans of dying men confound.
 Give me my arms I cryed, resolv'd to throw
 My self 'mongst any that oppos'd the Fo :
 Rage, Anger and Despair at once suggest
 That of all deaths, to die in Arms was best.
 The first I met was *Panthus*, *Phæbus* Priest,
 Who scaping with his Gods and Reliques fled
 And towards the shore his little grandchilde led ;
Panthus, what hope remains : what force : what place
 Made good ? but fighing he replies (alas)
Trojans we were, and mighty *Ilium* was,

But

But the last period and the fatal hour
 Of *Troy* is come, Our glory and Our Power
 Incensed *Fove* transfers to Grecian hands,
 The foe within, the burning Town commands,
 And (like a smother'd fire) an unseen force
 Breaks from the bowels of the fatal Horse,
 Insulting *Synon* flings about the flame,
 And thousands more then e're from *Argos* came
 Possess the Gates, the Passes and the Streets,
 And these the sword oretakes, and those it meets,
 The guard nor fights nor flies, Their fate so near
 At once suspends their Courage and their fear.
 Thus by the Gods, and by *Otrides* words
 Inspir'd, I make my way through fire, through swords,
 Where Noises, Tumults, Outcries and Alarms
 I heard, first *Iphitus* renoumd for Arms
 We meet, who knew us (for the Moon did shine)
 Then *Ripheus*, *Hippensis* and *Dymas* joyn
 Their force, and young *Chorabus* *Megdons* son,
 Who, by the Love of fair *Cassandra*, won,

Arriv'd but lately in her fathers Ayd
 Unhappy, whom the Threates could not dissuade
 Of his Prophetique Spouse,
 Whom, when I saw, yet daring to maintain
 The fight, I said, Brave Spirits (but in vain),
 Are you resolv'd to follow one who dares
 Tempt all extreams, The state of Our affairs
 You see, The Gods have left us by whose aid
 Our Empire stood, nor can the flame be staid,
 Then let us fall amidst Our Foes; this one
 Relief the vanquisht have, to hope for none.
 Then re-inforc'd, as in a stormy night,
 Wolves urged by their raging appetite
 Forrage for prey, which their neglected young
 With greedy jaws expect, ev'en so among
 Foes, Fire and Swords, to assur'd death we pass,
 Darknes our Guide, Despaire our Leader was.
 Who can relate that Evenings woes and spoils,
 Or can his tears proportion to our Toils !
 The City, which so long had flourisht, falls,

Death,

Death triumphs o're the Houses, Temples, Walls,
 Nor onely on the Trojans fell this doom,
 Their hearts at last the vanquish'd reassume,
 And now the Victors fall, on all sides, fears,
 Groans and pale Death in all her shapes appears,
Androgeus first with his whole Troop was cast
 Upon us with civility misplac't,
 Thus greeting us you lose by your delay,
 Your share both of the honor and the prey,
 Others the spoils of burning *Troy* convey
 Back to those ships, which you but now forsake ;
 We making no return, his sad mistake
 Too late he findes ; As when an unseen Snake
 A Travellers unwary foot hath prest,
 Who trembling starts, when the Snakes azure Crest,
 Swoln with his rising Anger, he espies,
 So from our view surpriz'd *Androgeus* flies.
 But here an easie victory we meet :
 Fear binds their hands, and ignorance their feet,
 Whilst Fortune, our first Enterprize, did aid,
 Encourag'd with success, *Chorabus* said,

O Friends, we now by better Fates are led,
 And the fair Path, they lead us, let us dread.
 First change your Arms, and their distinctions beare;
 The same, in foes, Deceit and Vertue are.
 Then of his Arms, *Androgeus* he divests,
 His Sword, his shield he takes, and plumed Crests,
 Then *Riphens*, *Dymas*, and the rest, All glad.
 Of the occasion, in fresh spoils are clad.
 Thus mixt, with Greeks, as if their Fortune still
 Follow'd their swords, we fight, pursue, and kill.
 Some re-ascend the Horse, and he, whose fides
 Let forth the valiant, now, the Coward, hides.
 Some to their safer guard their ships retire,
 But vain's that hope, 'gainst which the Gods conspire:
 Behold the Royal Virgin, The Divine
Cassandra, from *Minerva's* fatal shrine
 Dragg'd by the hair, casting tow'ards heaven, in vain,
 Her Eyes; for Cords, her tender hands, did strain:
Chorebus, at the spectacle enrag'd
 Flyes in amidst the foes: we thus engag'd,
 To second him, amongst the thickest ran, Here

Here first our ruine from our friends began,
 Who from the Temples Battlements, a shovr
 Of Darts and Arrows, on our heads did po wr :
 They, us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who knew
 Cassandra's rescue) us for Trojans flew.
 Then from all parts *Ulysses*, *Ajax*, then,
 And then th' *Atrida* rally all their men;
 As winds, that meet from several Coasts, contest,
 Their prissons being broke, The South and West,
 And *Eurus* on his winged Coursers born
 Triumphing in their speed, the woods are torn,
 And chafing *Nereus* with his *Trident* throws
 The Billows from their bottom; Then all those
 Who in the dark Our fury did escape,
 Returning, know our borrowed Arms and shape.
 And dffering Dialect, Then their numbers swell
 And grow upon us, first *Chorabus* fell
 Before *Minerva*'s Altar, next did bleed
 Just *Ripheus*, whom no Trojan did exceed
 In virtue, yet the Gods his fate decreed.
 Then *Hippasis* and *Dymas* wounded by
 Their friends : nor thee *Panthus* thy Piety, Nor

Nor consecrated Mitre, from the same
 Ill fate could save; My Countreys funeral flame
 And *Troys* cold ashes I attest, and call
 To witness for my self, That in their fall
 No Foes, no Death, nor Danger I declin'd,
 Did, and deserv'd no less, my Fate to find.
 Now *Iphitus* with me, and *Pelias*
 Slowly retire, the one retarded was
 By feeble Age, the other by awound,
 To Court the Cry directs us, where We found
 Th'Assault so hot, as if 'twere onely there,
 And all the rest secure from foes or feare,
 The Greeks the Gates approach'd, their Targets cast
 Over their heads, some scaling ladders plac't
 Against the walls, the rest the steps ascend,
 And with their shields on their left Arms defend
 Arrows and darts, and with their right hold fast
 The Battlement ; on them the Trojans cast
 Stones, Rafters, Pillars, Beams, such Arms as these,
 Now hopeless, for their last defence they seize.

The

The gilded Roofs, the marks of ancient State
 They tumble down, and now against the Gate
 Of th'Inner Court their growing force they bring,
 Now was Our last effort to save the King,
 Relieve the fainting, and succeed the dead.
 A Private Gallery 'twixt th'appartments led,
 Not to the Foe yet known; or not observ'd,
 (The way for *Heetors* hapless wife reserv'd,
 When to the aged King, her little son
 She would present) Through this We pass, and run
 Up to the highest Battlement, from whence
 The Trojans threw their darts without Offence.
 A Tower so high, it seem'd to reach the sky,
 Stood on the roof, from whence we could descry
 All *Ilium*— both the Camps, the Grecian Fleet;
 This, where the Beams upon the Columnes meet,
 We loosen, which like Thunder from the Cloud
 Breaks on their heads, as sudden and as loud.
 But others still succeed : mean time, nor stones
 Nor any kinde of weapons cease.

Before

Before the Gate in gilded Armour, shone
 Young *Pyrrhus*, like a Snake his skin new grown,
 Who fed on poys'nous herbs, all winter lay
 Under the ground, and now reviews the day
 Fresh in his new apparel, proud and yong.
 Rows up his Back, and brandishes his tongue,
 And lifts his scaly breast against the Sun,
 With him his Fathers Squire, *Automedon*
 And *Periphas* who drove his winged steeds,
 Enter the Court; whom all the youth succeeds
 Of *Scyros* Isle, who flaming firebrands flung
 Up to the roof, *Pyrrhus* himself among
 The formost with an Ax an entrance hews
 Through Beams of solid Oak, then freely views
 The Chambers, Galleries, and Rooms of State,
 Where *Priam* and the Ancient Monarchs fate.
 At the first Gate an Armed Guard appears,
 But th' Inner Court with horror, noise and tears
 Confus'dly fill'd, The womens shrieks and cryes,
 The Arched Vaults re-echo to the skyes,

Sad

Sad Matrons wandring through the spacious Rooms
 Embrace and kiss the Posts , Then *Pyrrhus* comes
 Full of his Father, neither men nor Walls
 His force sustain, the torn Port-cullis falls,
 Then from the hinge, their strokes the Gates divorce,
 And where the way they cannot finde, they force,
 Not with such rage a Swelling Torrent flows
 Above his banks, th'opposing Dams orethrows,
 Depopulates the Fields, the Cattel, Sheep,
 Shepherds, and folds the foaming Surges sweep.]
 And now between two sad extremes I stood,
 Here *Pyrrhus* and th'*Atrida* drunk with blood,
 There th'hapless Queen amongst an hundred Dames,
 And *Priam* quenching from his wounds those flames
 Which his own hands had on the altar laid :
 Then they the secret Cabinets invade ,
 Where stood the Fifty Nuptial Beds, the hopes
 Of that great Race, The Golden Posts whose tops
 Old hostile spoils adorn'd, demolisht lay,
 Or to the foe, or to the fire a Prey.

Now, *Priams* fate perhaps you may enquire,
 Seeing his Empire lost, his *Troy* on fire,
 And his own Palace by the ~~Greeks~~ possest,
 Arms, long disus'd, his trembling limbs invest,
 Thus on his foes he threw himself alone
 Not for their Fate, but to provoke his owne,
 There stood an Altar open to the view
 Of Heaven, neer which an aged Lawrel grew,
 Whose shady arms the household Gods embrac'd,
 Before whose feet the Queen her self had cast
 With all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,
 As Doves whom an approaching tempest drives
 And frights into one flock ; But having spy'd
 Old *Priam* clad in youthful Arms, she cry'd,
 Alas my wretched husband, what pretence
 To bear those Arms, and in them what defence ?
 Such aid such times require not, when again
 If *Hector* were alive, he liv'd in vain ;
 Or here We shall a Sanctuary find,
 Or as in life, we shall in death be joyn'd.

Then

Then weeping, with kinde force held and embrac'd,
 And on the sacred seat the King she plac'd;
 Mean while *Polites* one of *Priams* sons
 Flying the rage of bloody *Pyrrhus*, runs
 Through Foes and Swords, and ranges all the Court
 And empty Galleries amaz'd and hurt,
Pyrrhus pursues him, now oretakes, now kills,
 And his last blood in *Priams* presence spills.
 The King (though him so many deaths inclose)
 Nor fear nor grief, but Indignation shows,
 The Gods requite thee (if within the care
 Of those alone th'affairs of mortals are)
 Whose fury on the son but lost had been,
 Had not his Parents Eyes his murder seen,
 Not That *Achilles* (whom thou feignst to be
 Thy Father) so inhumane was to me,
 He blusht, when I the rights of Arms implor'd;
 To me my *Hector*, me to *Troy* restor'd.
 This said, His feeble Arm a Javelin flung,
 Which on the sounding shield, scarce entring, rung.
Then

Then *Pyrrhus*; go a messenger to Hell
 Of my black deeds, and to my Father tell
 The Acts of his degenerate Race. So through
 The Sons warm blood, the Trembling King he drew
 To th'Altar: in his hair one hand he wreathes;
 His sword, the other, in his Bosom sheathes.
 Thus fell the King, who yet surviv'd the State,
 With such a signal and peculiar Fate,
 Under so vast a ruine not a Grave,
 Nor in such flames a funeral fire to have:
 He, whom such Titles sweld, such Power made proud,
 To whom the Scepters of all *Aisa* bow'd,
 On the cold earth lyes this neglected King,
 A headless Carkas, and a nameless Thing.

FINIS.

